

"DEPART FROM EVIL AND DO GOOD"

A RESCUE GIRL'S STORY

(From the English War Cry.)

Out all Night on London Bridge—Very Near Committing Suicide—Sleeping on the Wet Grass—Rescued and Saved!



I want to write a little about myself—of what I have been and of what I am now, and how, by the power of God, and through the Salvation Army, I have been saved from a terrible life, with an awful hell at the end of it; and I hope that my story may show some who read it how merciful and gracious the Lord is, and that none are too bad to obtain His forgiveness.

Before I got saved I was everything that was bad. I used to drink and curse and swear, and go to fairs, theatres, and music halls of every kind. Since I was fifteen I have led a sinful life, and often, through my own bad conduct, I have had nowhere to go to at night, and have slept anywhere I could creep into without being seen by the police, even passing the night on London Bridge.



At one time, when I was in great trouble, I went to a lady I had heard of at Camberwell, who belonged to the Young Women's Christian Association, and asked her to help me. She wanted to know where I lived, but I could not tell her that, as I had then no home; but she kindly took me in for a week, when I was taken ill and had to go to the hospital. After being there a long time, I had a nice place found for me by another lady, where a chance was given me to do better; but I was there nine months, for I wanted to do as I liked, and so I left it and went elsewhere.

While I was in this second situation, the thought came over me once that I would go to the Salvation Army, so as I was near the Grosvenor Theatre, I went in there while Capt. 8— was leading the meeting. Something he said made me go down to the penitential-form and weep bitter tears of sorrow for my wicked life. I now, thinking I was saved, sent for four months' confinement to keep steady; but then the devil got me in his power again, and back I went to my old life, worse than ever.

It is always easy to go downhill, and though I had many good things given me of doing better, I went steadily on the road to hell.



I changed about from one situation to another, until, in my last place, I led my miscreant such a life that she could not put up with me any longer. After going out one day for a holiday and coming home drunk, she gave me notice to leave, refusing, of course, to give me a character. I took lodgings then, and did as I like. But my money was soon gone, and what

was I to do then? No one who was at all respectable would look at me. I could get no work, because no one would speak for me, and I began to feel what a lost, ruined, and miserable sinner I was, and to think there was no hope for such as I was.

One night in July, I went to London Bridge, and stood looking at the water, thinking I must throw myself in and end my misery. I might have done so had not a respectable working man stopped and spoken to me; but though he offered to take me home with him, saying his wife would give me some comfort, I did not go. I turned away from the river, however, and thought no more of throwing myself in.

A few days after, having no money to pay for a bed in a lodging-house, I wandered down to the river Lea, and slept on the grass by a ditch till the morning. When I awoke, the sun was shining beautifully, though I felt very cold from lying on the bare earth with nothing over me, and was wet all over with dew. I had had nothing to eat for three days, nothing but drink, and I felt weak and ill.

Later on the day, I was coming along near Congress Hall, when I heard the Army band playing.

Jesus saves me now.

Oh! how I wanted salvation! I turned and went into the Hall with them; and that night I got saved.

At first I thought what I heard was too good for a miserable thing like me; but God spoke to my hard heart, and washed all my sins away in the precious blood of Jesus. As long as I had still never forgot the peace and joy that filled my soul when I realized that my past life was all forgiven, and that I was clean in the sight of God. A dear sister belonging to the Army took me home with her that day, and I stayed at her house three weeks, after which she took me to the Rescue Home, which I shall love as long as I live for the kindness and care I received there. The time spent in the Home has been the happiest part of my life, and though I have left it now to go to a situation I shall never forget it, nor cease to feel grateful for the goodness of God which led me there.



I have been saved eight months now, and I am still pressing on to win the crown which Jesus has promised to those who "overcome." My one desire is to live for Him, and to work for Him, and to bring other poor sinners to His feet.

CHIPS!

Chopped by the Chief Secretary.

Lindsay has had colors presented at last. If all the soldiers stand true to them, there won't surely be a great war up all over the town. The Brass Band is on the up grade.

Within a few minutes of the train leaving Lindsay for Fencote Falls, it was discovered that the colors for the Falls had been left in the barracks. It looked to all of us that the Presentation meeting would have to take place without the presence of red, yellow and blue, but Salvationists believe in faith and work. A soldier rushed off to the barracks for the parcel, we believed for victory, but when the train started most of the faith collapsed. Later on every one on board became excited to find that the soldier had struck a crossing, and was running down the track after the train with the parcel in his hand. Nobody, surely, but a Salvationist, would have thought it possible to overtake a train, but he persistently persevered; the engine

was slowed up, and the colors landed on board with a big "Hallelujah."

Much freedom prevailed right through the meeting, particularly when a group of male officers came to the front and sang "There's a happy lot of people, ye ye ye." There were no signs of starvation about any of them nor their assistants either.

A soldier gave a very definite testimony of prayer answered. A few weeks previous he had publicly prayed for his son who lived in another town, and who was bitterly opposed to his father, joining the Army. His prayer was definite "that the next letter from his son might tell him of his conversion." God heard and answered, the father handed me the letter to read publicly, wherein the son stated that both he and his wife have just received pardon for their sins, and were going to serve God for the future.

On the march preceding the presentation of colors at St. Catharines, Staff-Capt. Sweetman introduced some very novel manoeuvres. Without any warning the drummers, flag bearers, and cornet players were taken to one side of the street, and the soldiers left on the other, whilst the Chief Secretary alone in the centre of the road loudly announcing the meeting, much to the astonishment of the people generally, and the amusement of a gang of small boys passing by. We got well on. The novel incident was going on well.

At an officer's quarters I called in recently I found the girls busy paper-bagging and making a very good hand at it too. The soldiers were painting the woodwork, so that altogether it was a real salvation decorative arrangement.

I was glad to have a chance to spend a little time with the Woodstock officers at the Galt anniversary. The officers' silver-corded march after the concert was a particularly stirring time. Certainly if any one in the town did not hear of our meetings it was not for want of effort on our part.

The Book of Nehemiah is very instructive, and should be carefully read and re-read by every Salvationist.

The lady who wrote to the "Curious Column" last week for Rescue Work information, will surely find enough in this week's Cry to more than satisfy her demands.

Extract from an ex-officer's letter asking to be re-engaged for the work: "I can hold back no longer. I must either obey or backslide, and go back to the devil entirely, and that I dare not do after what I have enjoyed in the past. As I tell here, I have been what I want to be, with my Bible before me, my eyes light upon Jeremiah 8:14, 15, and I hope, in spite of my past failures, that you will take me back, and I will be good."



Answers to Questions from Quivering People.

Special Note.—This column is not for the ventilation of personal grievances nor to be used for personal attacks. Several such questions have been sent in and we cannot undertake to answer them or any others. If you have a personal grievance with your comrades, deal with it in a scriptural way—Go to him, talk it over and pray about it.

1. Q.—On page 36 of "All about the Salvation Army," it reads "If the General were to be removed by death to-morrow his successor without a moment's delay would step into his position." From this

we understand that the General's successor is already chosen. Please tell us who he is and whether or not the Generalship of the Army is hereditary?

A.—The successor to the position is not in any shape or form hereditary nor is it intended to be so. The succeeding General will be under the most solemn obligation to select that officer to succeed him whom he considers best adapted to fill so important a position, and whom he considers will be most likely to use the great power and influence which such a command involves in such a way as will be most likely to promote, to the largest extent the glory of God and the Salvation of the world. The General for the time being is likely to be better able to select the most suitable officer for his successor, it being self-evident that he will have a more extensive knowledge of the duties and responsibilities of the position and of the capacities of his officers than any other man can possibly acquire. It is provided by a Deed Poll enrolled in Chancery that the present General should depend on the solicitors for the Army for the time being, in a sealed envelope, the name of the individual he elects and decides upon to be his successor. General, in his stead, is also provided, in the same deed-poll that all successive Generals shall, immediately upon entering upon the discharge of their duties and office, do the same.

2. Q.—Can a soldier who is enjoying a free and full salvation go to slavers and other places of amusement?

A.—We fear it is only too evident that there is a decided lack on the part of the engineer in this case as to the meaning of a full salvation.

3. Q.—Is it consistent for a soldier to play his cornet at public concerts, etc.?

See answer to question No. 2.

4. Q.—Can an officer according to law leave a position of Salvation Army meetings for a given length of time on account of previous misbehaviour of the parties?

A.—Most decidedly. An officer has a perfect legal right to prevent anyone from entering a Salvation Army building in the same way that you would keep anybody out of your house you did not wish to enter; the only exception being if a person has bought a ticket and is not allowed to enter or the money for the ticket refunded.

5. Q.—I have heard the Cadets in the Training Home, Toronto, have very badly for food. I trust it is not true, but when I ask if they have to live without meat, milk, or sugar?

A.—The report is altogether untrue, as you would find if you would undertake to visit the Home. They eat meat, milk, and sugar bills for a month.

6. Q.—Is it Canadian regulation to wear jackboots and waders in the Norfolk style? If so, why not the principal officers do this?

A.—The Norfolk style is not Canadian regulation. If you have seen any officers, field or staff adopting this style they have departed from the regulation and official uniform, a fact that we greatly deplore.

7. Q.—Is it right for the divisional officer to take the captain away from our corps for three or four days at a time?

A.—Circumstances govern cases. The D. O.'s duty is to control his division in such a way as will bring the most good all round. In many circumstances an emergency might arise that might necessitate his taking the captain away for urgent duty elsewhere.

8. Q.—What do you think of an officer throwing gum balls visting and on the street?

To say the least of it is a very unwise thing to do, and to increase the infamy of the position or obtain a V-report that should be given the officer by the people.

"Evil to him who evil thinks," is an old proverb, but a good rule.

Michael, he's Irish, an' me, I'm Irish

[illegible]

Army or dei in the itimpt. Above
the toimes that I iver hed it was the
m at noight. We had a big march
feds around the open-air, and
ed a rale cude-toime maten, iverrybody
free. I got rale kickin'. Oh! glory

dent, from Bowmanville. He was
ree, shure an' didn't he twist. Shure
uv that big crowded barracks only
at three wint out disgusted (perhaps
himselves, Oi dont know what else)
it was rale cold toimes again. Didn't
y give thim the thruth ethraight an'

We indid wan e' the happiest
as iver Oi hed the pleasure of attendin'.
S. Oi fargot to say Capt. Cook's
friends was glad to see her, also we

say it was kind of the Methodists to
their tables.

Foodstock Division.

The Old Ark.
LORA.—The devil has been left alone, and two wanderers have come back.

A Grand Move !

BERLIN.—The devil deceived again. I and I took the drum and colors, went out on the march alone; yet, alone for God was with us. Round

curiosity of the people, who thought soldiers were "on strike." Crowds led us to the barracks, where we had opportunity of telling some who had not been in our barracks before of a lowly saviour. Believing God is going to raise up the dead.

LOWRY, NELLAN McINTYRE.

Big Guns.

ALT.—We have just celebrated our anniversary here. We had Colonel Staff-Capt. Baugh and Brig. Capt. , also officers from surrounding corps Monday we had an officers' council and

...has blossomed through the Army coming
...Some are in heaven, some are
...a field, while others are fighting in

SPECIAL HOLINESS MEETING
will be held in

Temple Basement, Toronto
every Wednesday afternoon at 2:30
p.m., led by

MAJOR MARGETTS

